Be hiſt, and wondered at if he ariſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we ſtand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and ſouldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods aſſiſtance, and your proweſſe,
Shall with our ſwords ere night be cleane cut downe.
Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay
My teares gainſay. For as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:
Henry our King is priſoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.
All. Saint George for Lancaſter.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloſter, and the reſt, making a great ſhout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerſet are taken, and then ſound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Caſtle ſtraight.
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*
Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my death. *Exit Som.*
Edw. Now Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a ſubiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelfeſame words to thee,

Which

Which Traitor thou wouldſt hau
Qu. Oh that thy father had b
Glo. That you might ſtill haue
And nere haue ſtolne the breech f
Prin. Let *Æſop* fable in a win
His curriſh Riddles ſorts not with
Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague
Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a
Glo. For Gods ſake take away
Prin. Nay take away this ſcol
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I w
Cla. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art
Prin. I know my duty, you are
Laſciuious Edward, and thou pe
And thou miſhapen Dicke, I tell
I am your better, Traitors as you
Edw. Take that, thou likeneſſ
Qu. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marry and ſhall.
Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fi
Ed. What doth ſhe ſwound?
Make meanes for her recouery.
Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to t
I muſt to London on a ſerious m
Ere you come there, you ſhall h
Cla. About what, prethee te
Glo. The Tower man, the To

Qu. Ah Ned, ſpeake to thy M
Ah, thou canſt not ſpeake.
Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Hom
They that ſtab'd *Cæſar* ſhed no b
For he was a man; this, in reſpe
And men nere ſpend their fury o
What's worſe then Tyrant that

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